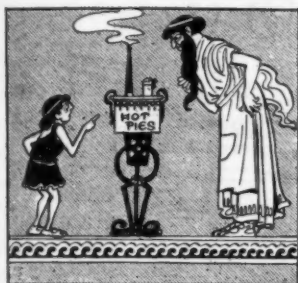


ACCORDING TO THE *EVENING NEWS* AN "ATHENIAN SCHOOL-MISTRESS HAS TRANSLATED THE OLD ENGLISH NURSERY RHYMES INTO GREEK." MAY OUR ARTIST SUGGEST SOME ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE GREEK STYLE:—



Three blind mice, see how they run,  
They all run after the farmer's wife.



Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair.



Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water.



Hark, hark, the dogs do bark!  
The beggars are coming to town.

"MARCH 17."

THE Harp that once through Tara's halls—  
(We'll take the rest as read!)  
Its symbol high o'er Saxon walls  
On Patrick's Day is spread.  
When London's Mansion House displays  
The flag that Celts adore,  
The feud endures from former days  
On England's side no more.

In Ireland's honour all unite,  
Street boys and gilded swells,  
And Covent Garden girls' delight  
The boom of Shamrock tells,  
While Erin, once more loyal, wakes  
And gracious answer gives,  
Ceasing to harp on past mistakes,  
To show that still she lives.

#### BESTING THE BUDGET.

(A *Causerie à la Kipling*.)

THE Cycle trembled and nearly damaged  
a tyre.

"It is sure to be right," said the Cart-  
ridge, consolingly. "The members of the  
Cabinet are too good sportsmen to think  
of me."

"And yet it seems a pity," replied the  
Silk Hat, "for those who use you would  
not feel the loss of a shilling or two."

"Don't you speak," retorted the Cart-  
ridge. "It would be a good thing for  
society if Sir MICHAEL catches you. It  
would send you out of fashion!"

"I was almost afraid they would touch  
me," whispered the Double-crown Poster.  
"Then how should I get upon the board-  
ing?"

"Why not?" asked the argumentative  
Cartridge. "In France your *confrères*  
have all to bear a stamp."

"Oh, the impost upon knowledge was  
removed years ago," returned the Double-  
crown Poster. "It would be a retrograde  
step to make me a source of revenue."

Walking-sticks, umbrellas, pipes, and  
billiard-balls were about to speak when  
there was a cry of joy.

"It's all right," cried the Cartridge.  
"The speech is over. We are not in the



"Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;  
But every woman is at heart a rake."—*Pope*.

*Priscilla (reading).* "WHAT PIERCING IN-  
SIGHT, WHAT ACUTE PENETRATION!"

Budget, and so have escaped being taxed  
for another year."

ACTING UP TO THEIR NAME.—"The pit-  
head gear of the Elands-laagte Colliery,"  
we read in the *Times*, March 14, "was  
fired by the retreating Boers, but the  
coolies extinguished the fire," &c. The  
"coolies" is an appropriate name, and  
this particular body of "coolies" should  
henceforth be known as "the Extinguishers."



Georgy Porgy, pudding and pie,  
Kissed the girls and made them cry.



Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To get the poor dog a bone.



## AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE FLOODS.

*Jim (to Jack).* "LOOK OUT, JACK! I FANCY THERE'S A POND ABOUT HERE SOMEWHERE."

*Jack (to Jim).* "BY JOVE, YOU'VE FOUND IT!"

## A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I firmly believe the world has gone mad! Last night I went to Puddleton, where I had promised to read my well-known paper on "Some Characteristics of the Common Earth-worm," which has been received with quiet satisfaction by dozens of provincial audiences. Last night—but I am still too prostrated by the experience to write more. Instead, I send you the report of my lecture as it appears in to-day's *Puddleton Herald*. Yours in perplexity, ALEXANDER DRYASDUST, F.R.S., &c.

(Cutting from the *Puddleton Herald*.)

Every corner of the Mechanics' Institute was occupied last night fully an hour before the commencement of Professor DRYASDUST's lecture, and several hundreds were unable to gain admission. The interval of waiting was occupied by the singing of patriotic songs, which, however, did not find favour with a small knot of dissentients at the back of the room. Punctually at 8 P.M. Professor DRYASDUST stepped upon the platform, and his appearance was the signal for a terrific outburst of cheering, which lasted for some minutes, and seemed greatly to bewilder the lecturer. When quiet was at last restored, he began by expressing his gratitude—

and, he must honestly add, his surprise—in finding so large and so enthusiastic an audience. True, he had always felt that the study of the earth-worm was a subject of paramount importance. (Shouts of "Good old Paramounty!" "Remember Majuba!" and interruption.) All of his hearers must be familiar with the appearance of this member of the *Annelides* family, and have watched it as it bore a hole—(Loud groans and hisses, cries of "Down with the Boers!" followed by the favourite chorus, "We're going to kick old Krüger out." After this had been repeated eight or nine times, the lecturer was able to resume)—in the ground, and the swiftness, with which, on the approach of an enemy, it would conceal itself in its earthworks. (Tremendous uproar, "Three cheers for White," and the singing of "Rule Britannia" drowned the next remarks of the Professor.) He must beg to inform them that he had not undertaken to address a lunatic asylum. (Cheers.) But only that title seemed to describe the behaviour of those whom he saw before him. (Shouts of "That's the Little Englanders at the back of the room!" "Turn them out!" "Shame!" An attempt was then made to eject certain members of the audience, with the result that a free fight raged for ten minutes.) Really, it

was almost impossible to deal adequately with the Common Earth-worm under these conditions, and he would therefore bring his lecture to a close.

The Professor, who showed some signs of annoyance, was apparently about to retire, when a prominent lady of the town sprang upon the platform and flung a large Union Jack over his shoulders. At this all present rose to their feet and cheered frantically. Four members of the Corporation seized Professor DRYASDUST, who was vainly endeavouring to disengage himself from the folds of the flag, and carried him shoulder-high to his hotel. A bonfire was kindled in the courtyard, and a huge crowd assembled round it, cheering the Professor, Lord ROBERTS, General BULLER, &c., and singing "God Save the Queen," alternating with "Rule Britannia," until 3 A.M.

We understand that Professor DRYASDUST left Puddleton by an early train this morning. A. C. D.

## AT THE ANGEL COURT KITCHEN.

*Stranger (to Eminent Financier).* Why did you call that man at the bar "the Microbe"?

*Eminent Financier.* Because he's "in everything."

## WITCH-DOCTOR KIPLING.

(See Mr. Rudyard Kipling's letter on "The Sin of Witchcraft" in the "Times" of March 15.)

To KIPLING, this: there are who much  
Admire, they say, his rare and rich  
craft,

Yet marvelled at the double Dutch  
That so obscured "The Sin of Witch-  
craft";

Who, having studiously toiled—  
*Opus inutile, infandum!*—

Through all its paragraphs, were foiled,  
And failed, they fear, to understand  
'em.

Some hints there were of men who spoke  
In words that were, I trust, not meant  
ill;

Of men whose notions of a joke  
Were rather practical than gentle;  
Of fly-by-nights, sand-colic, heat,  
Of pianos smashed as with a pestle;  
Of rooms where playful cyclones meet,  
As cyclones will, to romp and wrestle.

Of loyalty that doesn't pay,  
Pay, pay—it has a money basis;  
Of women who, I grieve to say,  
Flung caps, 'an act that leaves its  
traces;

Of some one who infects the earth,  
And some one's antidote to his bane;  
Of Edmonton, Vancouver, Perth,  
Quebec and Halifax and Brisbane.

Of some one's head whose hoary hair  
Will not, 'tis hoped, avail to save it;  
Of men at home who must not spare,  
But take and read an affidavit;  
Of little tags of journalesse,  
And stray allusions to the Bible,  
And rumours floating on the breeze,  
All mixed in one fantastic libel.

Besides he threw in Mafeking,  
He threw in dysa, heath, plumbago,  
And stuffed with many a wondrous thing  
His bi-columnar *Times* farrago—  
Until a plain man, bored to death  
The while the solid task he strives at,  
Gives up his reading, gasps for breath,  
And asks in vain what KIPLING drives at.

I rather think I can explain—  
I'll clear up KIPLING's latest mud-yard.  
I haven't studied quite in vain  
The idiosyncrasies of RUDYARD:  
Benignant spectacles on nose  
He's sailed six thousand miles of water  
To howl in dull, confusing prose  
For judgment, vengeance, blood and  
slaughter.

Let "rebels" hang from every tree—  
Thus best you may exalt your free land.  
By lending ear to mercy's plea  
You may perhaps offend New Zealand.  
Our colonies with anger burst—  
'Tis KIPLING's meaning, so I take it—  
They have a most consuming thirst  
For vengeance, and 'tis ours to slake it.



Tommy. "I CAN STRIKE A MATCH ON MY TROUSERS, LIKE UNCLE BOB.  
CAN YOU, AUNTIE?"

Strange, is it not, so mild a man  
Should want more blood when war is  
finished?

Should do the little best he can  
Lest slaughter be perchance diminished?  
Should deem debased beyond excuse  
That statesman, cursed with wilful  
blindness,

Who bans the bullet and the noose,  
And strives to do his work by kindness?

No! let the dogs of vengeance go!  
Divide by blood two angry nations.  
Make every Dutchman still your foe  
Through all the coming generations.

And let the bard—you know his needs—  
In prose that stalks or verse that ambles  
Tell all the listening world your deeds,  
A proud TYRTEUS of the shambles!

THE VAGRANT.

PROBABLE MIS-REPORT. — Mr. CECIL  
RHODES, in reply to a question regarding  
the future of the Republics, is reported  
to have said, "That is Imperial business,  
and no matter of mine." Surely there  
must have been some error in transmis-  
sion? Didn't he say, "That is Imperial  
business and a matter of mines"?





### A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.

Aunt Maria. "WHAT A GOOD LITTLE BOY TO LEAVE YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS TO COME WITH A POOR OLD AUNTIE LIKE ME."  
Master Douglas. "OH, MOTHER ALWAYS MAKES US DO NASTY THINGS AND THINGS WE DON'T LIKE!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HARDY, Chaplain to the Forces, has written an informing and interesting book on the British soldier. That he should call it *Mr. Thomas Atkins* (FISHER UNWIN) is, my Baronite thinks, a regrettable sacrifice to cheap and rather wearisome humour. Save the title, the volume is excellent. It is pleasant to read on unimpeachable authority that our army is not only the best fed and clothed in the world, but, with the possible exception of the small standing army of the United States, is the best paid. The ordinary private, it is true, receives only a shilling a day. But with allowances in the way of lodging, food, and clothing, his weekly wage reaches the value of fifteen shillings a week. Not the least interesting chapter in the volume is that which catalogues the marks of distinction and the nicknames of the various regiments. Herein are condensed whole pages of glorious history. Mr. HARDY has many good stories to tell. Delightful that about the big dragon whom a lady visitor invited to join her in prayer about some difficulty he was in. "I can't, Miss," he frankly said; "my britches are too tight."

That the Baron should give his opinion on a collection of stories which have already appeared in illustrated weeklies and in magazines is of small use to either public, author,

or publisher, and so he will content himself with informing any who may not have read eight stories by W. E. NORRIS, bound up together in one volume, entitled *An Octave*, and published by METHUEN, that, being well worth reading, any one of them will prevent a spare half hour from hanging heavily on the hands of the otherwise unemployed.

"What a nice lot of new friends" Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS introduces us to in *The Cambric Mask* (MACMILLAN & Co.)! When the reader's eye, and ear, have become thoroughly accustomed to the odd-looking, queer-sounding Americanisms, and when he can, without difficulty, grasp the meaning of the strange language used by an uncouth set of people, he will intensely enjoy their proceedings in the "fresh scenes and pastures new" (the idyllic description of which is not the least charm of the book), as depicted with much quiet humour by the author of their being, and he will soon find himself deeply interested in the story of the manly hero and the fascinating heroine who, with the other less important but graphically sketched characters, play their parts in the "Sweet Fern Distillery District." It will be of interest to our esteemed collaborator, "TOBY," to learn that "SARK" is the name of the above-mentioned manly hero, though whether nearly connected with, or distantly related to "TOBY's" eminently serviceable friend and confidant, this deponent author sayeth not. But, be that as it may, *The Cambric Mask* is a delightfully fresh, picturesquely written, and startlingly sensational romance.

The two new volumes of the Temple Classics (J. N. DENT & Co.) are *Cowper's Task*—quite a holiday task to the Baron, who is sufficiently old-fashioned to affectionate Poet COWPER, and to prize him far above modern incomprehensibles—and *Carlyle's Heroes*, whose dashing, spasmodic, kaleidoscopic style makes the work tolerable to the Baron for about ten minutes at a stretch.

The New Century Library gives us three new volumes, adapted to an ordinary pocket and to ordinarily good eyesight, by road, river, or rail, in daylight, viz., DICKENS' *Oliver Twist* and *Sketches by Boz*, bound together, *The Old Curiosity Shop* by itself, and THACKERAY'S *Pendennis*.

Mr. HENRY FROWDE has added to the Oxford University Press Library of the Poets the complete works of JOHN MILTON. They appear in divers dress and at varied prices. All are after the original text by the Rev. H. C. BEECHING. Daintiest of the volumes is the miniature edition bound in tree calf. It may be comfortably carried in the pocket. Nevertheless, being printed on the marvellous India paper, the secret and the glory of the Oxford Press, my Baronite finds the type large enough to read in a railway train. Facsimiles are produced of the original title pages of MILTON's several works. It is interesting to read in the antique letter of two and a half centuries ago, how "Paradise Lost, a Poem written in Ten Books, by JOHN MILTON, is printed and are to be sold by PETER PARKER under Creed Church near Aldgate; And by ROBERT BOULTER at the Turk's Head in Bishopsgate St.; And MATHIAS WALKER under St. Dunston's Church, in Fleet St., 1667." THE BARON DE B.-W.

### THE ENGLISH SPRING.

(A recent—and common—experience.)

#### One Day.

SPRING 's in the air!  
Soft her caress;  
Smiling and fair,  
Spring 's in the air,  
Everywhere,  
You must confess,  
Spring 's in the air,  
Soft her caress,

#### The Next Day.

Spring 's in the air!  
Shrewish her smile,  
Making one swear,  
Spring 's in the air,  
Pray take a care!  
East winds are vile;  
Spring 's in the air,  
Shrewish her smile. A.R.

FINE SPECIMEN.—A genuine "Carpet Knight" of most recent manufacture: Sir WILLIAM PURDIE TRELOAR.





LAURIER AND LAWSON.

(A Contrast.)

Britannia (to the Canadian Premier). "BRATO, SIR WILFRID LAURIER! WHEN I THINK OF MY SIR WILFRID AT HOME I CAN ONLY SAY THAT 'BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.'"

["For my part I am fully convinced in heart and conscience that there never was a juster war on the part of England than the present one."] Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Speech in the Dominion House of Commons, March 13.]

["In my opinion it is a cowardly and infamous war."]—Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the House of Commons' Debate, March 13.]



"I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE QUITE FORGOTTEN, MR. JONES, THAT YOU OWE ME A FIVER!"  
 "NO, I HAVEN'T YET. GIVE ME TIME, AND I WILL."

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### The Sport.

Eh well, Mister X., we have doed one small walk enough agreeable after the lunch of ten hours and half; one wiskey and somes sandwichs. If we goed breakfast in one good restoring, that of him think you? He is one hour.

You acquaint one restoring of the first order? Go there.

Tais hall is very coquette, very jolly. See there one table, there, to the corner.

Boy, we desire one good english breakfast.

Of abroad of the peasoup, of the ham of Yorek and of the pudding of Yorek, and then of the rosbif and of the mutton bciled, with of the potatos, of the spinachs, o' the small peas and of the green beans, all to the water, without any sauce. As between-meats, of the

##### Le Sport.

Eh bien, Monsieur X., nous avons fait une petite promenade assez agréable après le lunch de dix heures et demie; un wiskey et quelques sandwichs. Si nous allions déjeuner dans un bon restaurant, qu'en pensez-vous? Il est une heure.

Vous connaissez un restaurant du premier ordre? Allons-y.

Cette salle est très coquette, très jolie. Voilà une table, là, au coin.

Garçon, nous désirons un bon déjeuner anglais.

D'abord du peasoup, du jambon d'Yorek et du pudding d'Yorek, et puis du rosbif et du mouton bouilli, avec des pommes de terre, des épinards, des petits pois et des haricots verts, tous à l'eau, sans aucune sauce. Comme entremets, du pudding de riz et du plum-

pudding of rice and of the plum-pudding. Enfin du fromage de pudding. In fine of the cheese Chester.

See there the butler. That wine? And of the mineral water? Nor the one nor the other. Two great bottles of porter-stout. Voilà le sommelier. Qu'est-ce qu'il demande? Comme vin? Et de l'eau minérale? Ni l'un ni l'autre. Deux grandes bouteilles de porter-stout.

Is it that you you occupy of the sport, Mister X.? But that go of himself. We others English we are all sportmans. Est-ce que vous vous occupez du sport, Monsieur X.? Mais cela va de soi. Nous autres Anglais nous sommes tous sportmans.

Ah, you love the canoeing, the chase, and the peach. You not go to the courses? Ah if, of time in time. Ah, vous aimez le canotage, la chasse, et la pêche. Vous n'allez pas aux courses? Ah si, de temps en temps.

Me I am enragod of the exercises of the corpse; the box, the footbal, the cricket. I mount to horse all the days, and I adore the chase to the fox. I g, also very often to the courses. Moi je suis enragé des exercices du corps; la boxe, le footbal, le cricket. Je monte à cheval tous les jours, et j'adore la chasse au renard. Je vais aussi très souvent aux courses.

You acquaint Longchamp? The French selfs extase on this field of courses. Me I find that one of Derby much more jolly. I go all the years to the Great Price of the Epsom to Derby. Vous connaissez Longchamp? Les Français s'extasient sur ce champ de courses. Moi je trouve celui de Derby beaucoup plus joli. Je vais tous les ans au Grand Prix de l'Epsom à Derby.

Hold, is it that you know the terms of sport in french? Not of the all? Tenez, est-ce que vous savez les termes de sport en français? Pas du tout?

Truly! But these words there are indispensables. I go you them to tell on the field. Vraiment! Mais ces mots là sont indispensables. Je vais vous les dire sur-le-champ.

The sport, the sportmans, the turf, the course, the price, the partings, the gainings, the favourite, the outsider, the field, the tribunes, the Tater-sall, the jockey, the steeple-chase, the selling-plate, the handicap, the book-macker, the pick-pocket. Le sport, les sportmans, le turf, la course, le prix, les partants, les gagnants, le favori, l'outsider, le champ, les tribunes, le Tattersall, le jockey, le steeple-chase, le selling-plate, le handicap, le book-macker, le pick-pocket.

H. D. B.

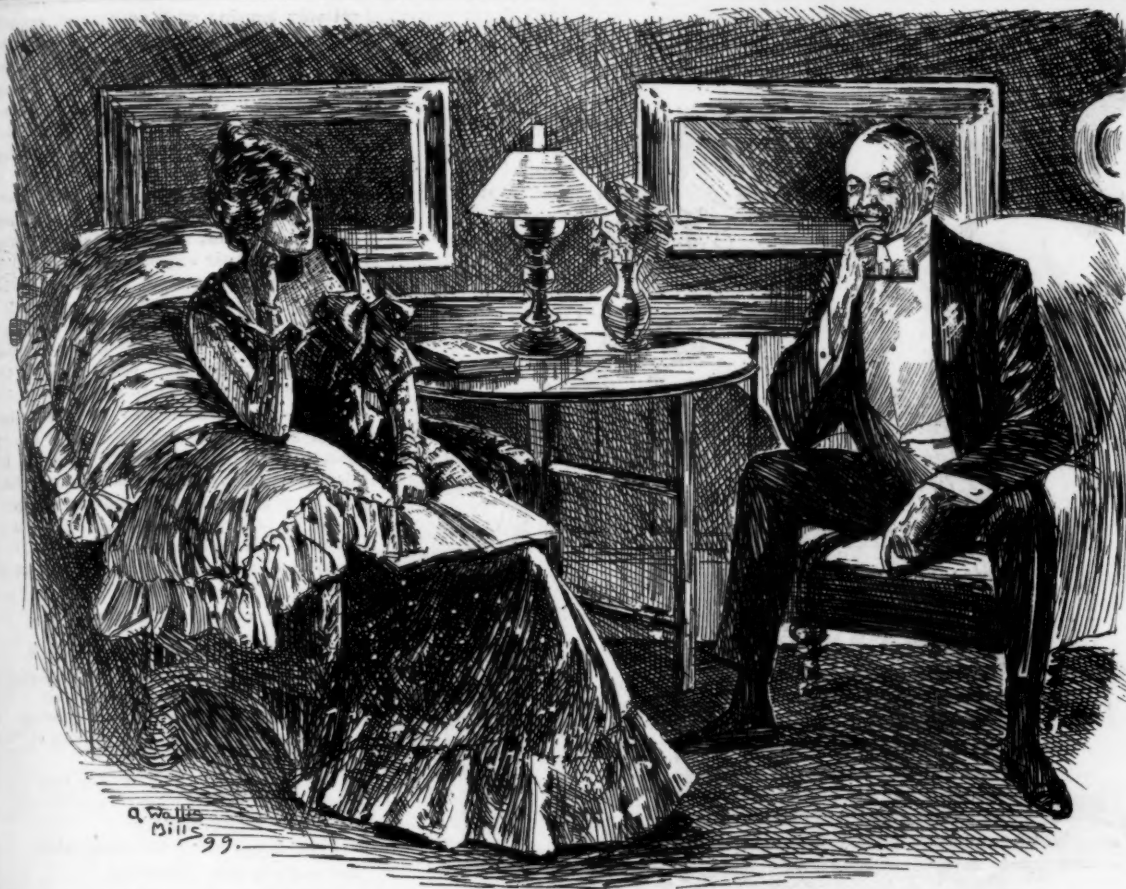
#### "A GEORGIC."

To be sung by Mr. George Edwardes, dancing, every morning Daily and with Gaiety.

At Daly's, I run my San Toy,  
 Gaiety, Messenger Boy,  
 With dance, song, and dresses,  
 If both are successes,  
 Why ask me the cause of my joy?

THE ISLE OF MAN AND WOMAN.—The House of Keys, with a good turn of one on its bunch, has released the Deceased Wife's Sister so that she is now free in this Happy Isle to share the bonds of wedlock with her widowed relative-by-marriage. Perhaps in this new departure may be found material for a novel by the author of *The Manxman*.

SIGNAL EXAMPLE OF THE "BIG, BIG, D—," is "The Great Dam at Assouan." Messrs. JOHN AIRD & SONS say that "This is one of the few dams that can be uttered without offence in the politest society."



He. "CAN YOU TELL ME THE THREE QUICKEST MEANS OF COMMUNICATION?"  
 He. "WELL, WHAT'S THE THIRD?"

She. "GIVE IT UP."

She. "TELEPHONE, TELEGRAPH—"  
 He. "TELL A WOMAN!"

#### CHADBAND IN THE TRANSVAAL.

(Dickens up-to-date.)

"WHAT is it?" asked Mr. KRÜGER. "It is the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars. It is the Light of Terewth."

Mr. KRÜGER drew himself up and looked triumphantly at the civilized world, as if he would be glad to know how it felt after that staggerer.

"Of Terewth," said Mr. KRÜGER, hitting the civilized world again. "Say not to me that it is *not* the lamp of lamps. I say to you it is. It is! I say to you that I will proclaim it to you whether you like it or not. Nay, the less you like it the more I shall proclaim it to you—with a speaking trumpet! Now what I proclaim to you is it deception? Is it suppression? Is it reservation? No, my friends, it is neither of these. Neither of these names belongs to it."

Mr. KRÜGER paused for a moment and then continued.

"If the President of this State goes forth towards a battlefield and sees a fellow-

countryman shooting an enemy under a white flag of truce, and comes back and calls to him his friends and says, 'Friends, rejoice with me, for I have seen a noble deed.' Would that be Terewth? Yes, my friends, it would be. Or, put it that the President of this State, after casting forth the skullums to the wolves and the vultures and the wild dogs and the young gazelles and the serpents, and in spite of that casting-out gets the worst of it and goes back to his dwelling and his pipe and his puffing and his resting and his malt liquor and his butcher's meat and poultry and says, 'Behold, I have not been beaten and am President of a Sovereign State and should have a hundred and fifty millions a year and pickings,' would that be Terewth? Well, I hope I'll make you think so."

And Mr. KRÜGER looked round at the civilised world with a smile on his lips, and brought into prominence a right optic over which an eyelid stealthily trembled.

CRONJE'S LAST GAME.—Playing Nap at St. Helena.

#### THE HERO OF 37,500 GUINEAS.

HONOURED SIR,—Waterloo is avenged. WHITE held out at Ladysmith. BLANC held out at Kingsclere. The *Flying Fox* is captured by the Gaul and exchanges the yellow jacket of Ducal WESTMINSTER for the Orange of the Arbitrer of Monte Carlo in exchange for 37,500 guineas. I wish I had the Shillings. I was unable to be present at this British defeat and so referred to my Ever Excellent D. T., now Lord Chief Almoner of the Empire. What the subjoined lines mean I leave to your Puzzle Editor:

"Seven was the lucky number of the only lot on which any reserve was placed, and when *Flying Fox*, looking pale and anxious, on his back, was introduced, a buzz of excitement went round the company."

I have no doubt but that F. F. looked "pale and anxious," but why should he have been introduced "on his back," when he has four legs to stand on? With continued respects,

I am, Honoured Sir,  
 Your faithful and humble henchman,  
 DARBY JONES.





Mamma. "I DON'T LIKE YOUR STAYING IN DOORS LIKE THIS, BOBBIE. HAVEN'T YOU ANY LITTLE FRIEND YOU CAN GO OUT AND PLAY WITH?"  
Bobbie. "WELL, I HAVE ONE, MUMMIE. BUT I HATE HIM!"

#### NO ROOM TO LIVE.

[This article appears to have been intended to form one of the series recently published in the *Daily News*. By some mistake it has been addressed to this office, and the Public interest seems to demand that we should print it.]

THOSE persons who have given their attention to the Housing Problem in London, will probably have observed that there is one class which suffers pre-eminently under the blind tyranny of ground and other landlords. It cannot have escaped observation that there is a crying need for small bachelor suites of rooms in the central and western districts of London at moderate rentals. Sets of two and three rooms, pannelled in oak and with an agreeable outlook, are almost unprocurable in central London by young men of small means! Such a state of things does small credit to our municipal authorities, and indeed constitutes a cry-

ing evil. Something, indeed, has been done in the past to mitigate this state of things by the Temple and other similar institutions, but it is monstrous that an evil of these dimensions should be left to be coped with by voluntary agencies.

The bachelors of London are a deserving class, and as such are peculiarly suitable to be assisted to eligible dwellings out of the rates. Such men, to the skilled observer, show themselves to be among the poorest classes of the community. They have their Club subscriptions to pay and a position to keep up. They must entertain in a modest way. And all this has too often to be done on an income of two to three hundred a year! Compared with such men the married clerk with three children in the suburbs is wealthy. It is therefore evident that the County Council will not be doing its duty if it does not come forward with a scheme for

suitably housing such persons at rentals of from twenty to thirty pounds a year; and as their occupations and distractions require that they should dwell in a central situation, it would be well if some portion of the site laid bare by the Strand Improvement scheme should be given up to them. A few blocks or squares of buildings in this neighbourhood, of pleasing appearance, and not more than three storeys in height, would be in every way adapted to their requirements. It must, of course, be borne in mind that these persons are not paupers, but respectable ratepayers and, therefore, the buildings must be of an architectural style that will not outrage their self-respect. On the other hand the rents must be strictly moderate, any difference between such rents and a fair return on the money borrowed being, as usual, provided by the ratepayers. Until some scheme as this is taken in hand the Housing problem in London cannot be said to have been fairly faced by the authorities, and a serious grievance in the very heart of London will remain unredressed!

#### TO A CERTAIN PLEBISCITE.

[The *Daily News* published recently a plebiscite on the Best Hundred books for children. The immediate object was to furnish suggestions for the establishment of a children's library at West Ham.]

A HUNDRED Books; you say the best  
For children's special delectation:  
Alas, this democratic test  
Gives ample scope for oburgation.  
For many in this "little list"  
Bear titles ominous with warning;  
O Plebiscite, why thus insist  
On books provocative of yawning!  
From prairie stories dear to REID,  
A *Daisy Chain* restrains you ever;  
And though upon LAMB'S *Tales* agreed,  
The children's *Lear* is mentioned never.  
You covet *Carrots*, which I know  
A plain but wholesome diet still is;  
Yet might not girls more wisely go  
To feed off *Sesame and Lilies*?  
And why is SAWYER; why is FINN  
Edged out by Canterbury cleric?  
Most boys would wish that TWAINE got in,  
Not heroes one must call hysteric.  
MACDONALD's charming *Phantastes*  
You certainly were not alert on;  
Ignoring fairy realms like these,  
For dismal tracts of Sandford-Merton.  
Those moral powder stories ought  
To vanish quite—they're growing fewer:  
Why did you not—a happy thought—  
Include a version somewhat newer?

#### L'Envoi.

Best children's books! Ah, could I see,  
This cult of Plebiscites diminish:  
Well, West Ham has my sympathy;  
And with that sentiment I finish.

A. R.



TIME—3 A.M.

Voice from above. "IS THAT YOU, JOHN? YOU'RE VERY LATE, AREN'T YOU?"  
 Brown (returned from celebrating the latest victory). "IT'S ONLY ABOUT—ER—TWELVE,  
 MY DEAR, I THINK—"  
 The Cuckoo Clock. "CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"  
 Brown (grasping situation instantly). "CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"  
 CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

## HOW IT'S NOT DONE.

(Extract from a Yeoman's Note Book.)

**Monday.**—Find the Loamshire may not go South for a month, resign and join Mudshire. Enter name and receive directions.

**Tuesday.**—Up before the Riding Master. Passed. Interview with the doctor unsatisfactory. Chuck the Mudshire and enter the Clodshire.

**Wednesday.**—Clodshire examining medi-

cal board capital. Pass in triumph. Up before the Riding Master. Failed! However, join the Chawshire. Must get out somehow.

**Thursday.**—All day passing the doctor. Wait for a couple of hours (with others) at his private professional address. Then later on meet him at the Town Hall, where he examines my teeth. Why couldn't he have passed me in both at the same time? He doesn't know, nor do I.

**Friday.**—All day chivvyng the Riding Master. Doesn't know whether I will do. Reserves his decision until later.

**Saturday.**—Have been on the move for the last five days, and still moving. Receive two letters—one from home authorities saying I won't do. Other from a cousin in South Africa. "Come over," he says, "and they will be delighted to have you. Better trust to the Colonies than the Pall Mall." Think so, too. [Exit.]

## AN EPITAPH

To be erected in the Presidency at Bloemfontein.

["The late President of the Orange Free State."  
 —LORD ROBERTS.]

## HERE LAY

For the Best Part of Three Years  
 Until Its Abrupt Exit  
 On the Evening of March 12, 1900

THE BODY OF

MARTINUS THEUNIS STEYN  
 Sometime President

of the

NOW DEFUNCT ORANGE FREE STATE  
 His Honour

WAS A CONSPICUOUS INSTANCE  
 Of Vaulting Ambition O'erleaping Itself  
 And of the Advisability  
 OF LETTING WELL ALONE

MR. PUNCH

Distinctly Invited Him Last October  
 To STAND ASIDE

Out of the Quarrel between KRÜGER and  
 JOHN BULL

But

He Must Needs Rush In and Occupy  
 DEFENSIVE POSITIONS

Within Her Majesty's Dominions  
 With the Result

That on his Brother's Testimony

He is Now

A NONENTITY

He was last heard of

At a Place called Kroonstad

Heading for Pretoria

Having Left a Lot of Little Things Behind Him

And

Goodness Only Knows

If he will Ever

FIGURE IN HISTORY AGAIN

## PATRIOTIC POULTRY.

**Housekeeper.** Are you quite sure that's a Norfolk turkey, Mr. GIBLETS? It looks to me like a Russian.

**Mr. Giblets.** A Russian! Oh dear! no, ma'am. Himpossible! 'Aven't you 'eard as 'ow the Boers 'ave bought hup hall the Roossian birds? Besides, ma'am, hunder the present hun'appy haspect of haffairs, I'd scorn to 'ave one in my hestablishment.

[Housekeeper is plucked as well as the Muscovite.]



*Tutor.* "YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT IN CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES SUCH AS OURS, A MAN IS ONLY ALLOWED ONE WIFE. NOW, WHAT IS THAT STATE OF THINGS CALLED?"  
*Pupil.* "I KNOW. MONOTONY!"

### CONCESSIONAL.

*Mr. Krüger to Lord Salisbury:—*

As birds delight to bill and coo  
 And in their downy nests agree,  
 So good a thing it is to view  
 Nations that live in unity!

My Christian hands were never meant  
 To go and knock you in the eye;  
 Still less were yours by Heaven lent  
 To pay me double by and by.

But lo! how lying lips abound!  
 How Ananias doth increase!  
 The devil how he prowleth round  
 Saying that we disturbed the peace!

We who alone with sin would wage  
 Battle when Satan crossed our track,  
 Nor e'er forsook the psalter's page  
 Except to slay an errant black!

Blessing and blest we sought to dwell  
 On frugal fare from Nature snatched;  
 Innocent as the young gazelle,  
 And harmless as the dove unhatched!

Yet, wise as serpents, we were ware  
 What risks a pious Dopper runs  
 Who leans upon domestic prayer  
 Apart from automatic guns.

So, praying still, we probed the Rand  
 And from its bullion made us bombs;  
 Still singing, we converted grand-  
 pianos into Long Pom-poms.

Then with our wallets full of text,  
 Armed with the Dutch for Dr. WATTS,  
 We in our simple way annexed  
 The promised land in goodly lots.

Dealing the first (defensive) blow  
 From some external Pisgah-kop,  
 We hoped to catch the heathen foe  
 On, or a shade before, the hop.

But, failing in our noble scheme  
 Of self-defence on alien soil,  
 To try it nearer home would seem  
 A wicked waste of tears and toil.

How beautiful upon the veldt  
 The feet of him that pipeth peace!

How must our souls with rapture melt  
 When rage and horrid tumult cease!

This notion did occur before,  
 But then the time was not so fit;  
 For fear your honour might be sore  
 We hardly liked to mention it.

But with the present change of scene,  
 And bloodshed growing rather rife,  
 My conscience bids me intervene  
 To end a most immoral strife.

Having already done enough  
 To "stagger" people, as proposed,  
 We surely may, without rebuff,  
 Look on the late affair as closed.

The terms we contemplate are light;  
 My simple burghers would, I know,  
 Be willing to accept a slight  
 Improvement on the *status quo*.

O. S.

SOLILOQUY BY A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.—  
 Absence of the beggar makes the heart  
 grow fonder.





### A HANDSOME OFFER.

BOER (considerably damaged). "I DIDN'T LIKE TO MENTION IT BEFORE, BUT NOW THAT 'YOU 'VE RECOVERED YOUR PRESTIGE,' GIVE ME EVERYTHING I WANT AND ALL SHALL BE FORGIVEN!"



M  
E  
Ex  
E  
No  
to-  
No  
Onl  
and  
You  
cus  
his  
dug  
qui  
say  
Che  
the  
late  
for  
rig  
peg  
M  
mai  
he  
Off  
E  
sac  
You  
his  
exe  
dir  
ELC  
hav  
of l  
tion  
leg  
ELC  
man  
sch  
hea  
bac  
abr  
par  
in o  
MA  
ther  
for  
the  
othe  
Why  
par  
mat  
A  
ELC  
the  
flog  
KRA  
of K  
wiel  
too  
his  
Clau  
Cu  
glan  
of th  
a bit  
the  
By  
Wyn  
expl

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 12.—No one expected the MARKISS would speak to-night. House, as usual, nearly empty. No questions about either peace or war. Only one relating to convalescent soldiers, and a bill providing for discipline of Youthful Offenders. The MARKISS in his customary attitude of profound reflection; his chin sunk in his chest, his knuckles dug in the reluctant cushion, his right leg quiescent. *Cherchez la femme*, familiar saying when mischief is accomplished. *Cherchez la jambe* is a regular practice in the House of Lords when members speculate as to whether mischief is brewing in form of speech from Premier. If he means it, right leg crossed over left knee is observed pegging away at pace of ten miles an hour.

Motionless to-night. All the more marvel when, of all subjects in the world, he plunged in Committee on Youthful Offenders Bill.

ELGIN, jealous for the preservation of sacred family ties, insisted that if the Youthful Offender must needs be flogged, his parents should enjoy the healthful exercise in preference to the policeman as directed by the Bill. Had it been any but ELGIN, the remark, like many others, would have passed unheeded over massive head of MARKISS. By clearly traceable association of ideas, sight of noble lord on his legs carried him back to far-off days. ELGIN inevitably suggested marbles; marbles are played out of school hours; school recalls certain interviews with the headmaster. In an instant the MARKISS was back in his Eton days. Was it, he asked, abruptly rising, the custom then for the parents to be sent for from distant counties in order each to flog his own boy? The MARKISS trowed not. Then why should there be one law for the poor and another for the rich? For centuries the sons of the rich had been flogged at school by other than the kindly arm of the parent. Why should the poor have the monopoly of parental service in this fundamental matter?

Argument a little illogical. What ELGIN objected to was establishment of the rule that when you want a small boy flogged you should ask a policeman. Dr. KEAT was not in the force, nor were any of his contemporaries or successors who wield the rod at public schools. MARKISS too indignant to care for logic. He had his flare-up; trembling Lords subsided; Clause passed as drafted in Bill.

Curious to see KIMBERLEY furtively glancing over the bench on either side of the MARKISS. He would not have been a bit surprised if he had seen peeping forth the familiar growth of the Eton birch.

Business done.—In the Commons, GEORGE WYNDHAM made fresh hit with speech explaining Army Estimates.



"AND WHAT ARE YOU LEARNING AT SCHOOL, ETHEL?"—"HISTORY." "AND HOW FAR HAVE YOU GOT? AS FAR AS QUEEN VICTORIA?"—"OH, MUCH FURTHER THAN THAT!"

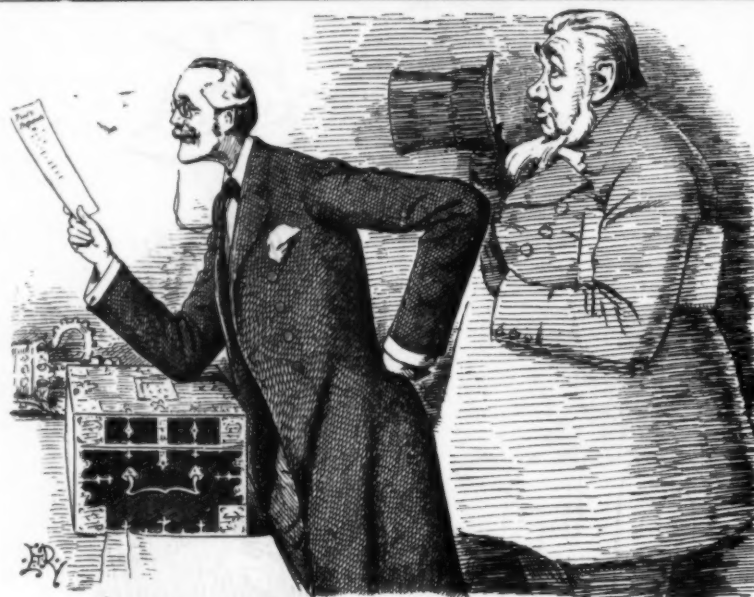
Tuesday.—There still linger in the memory the tones of DON JOSÉ's flexible voice when he read to the House OOM PAUL's little bill arising out of the JAMERSON Raid. To hear him cite the item "moral and intellectual damages" was worth being present at prayer time in order to secure a seat.

It was PRINCE ARTHUR who to-night read the sublime document containing the proposals of peace. They are presented at the joint instance of the Presidents of the Orange Free State and of the South African Republic. The handwriting was plainly OOM PAUL's, his the unctuous voice that rolled through its amazing sentences. PRINCE ARTHUR, of

course, said nothing. The intonation of his voice was most eloquent.

Old Gentleman at Pretoria generally admitted to have excelled himself. The ultimatum had tendency to take away the breath by reason of its boldness. Almost blood-curdling in the sudden unrestrained outburst of hissing hatred long diplomatically concealed. Britons, in their self-complacent confidence, inclined to smile at its peremptoriness. Seemed at the moment like poodle ordering a mastiff out of the stable yard. Know now that OOM PAUL wasn't nearly so far out of his slow reckoning. But for gallant stand made at Kimberley and Ladysmith, he would have carried out the threat, that





PRINCE ARTHUR AND THAT AMAZING OOM!  
 "The handwriting was Oom Paul's, his the unctuous voice."

seemed so preposterous when spoken, of driving the English into the sea.

Now the guileless old Gentleman, finding "BOBS" at the gates of Bloemfontein, FRENCH resting his horses for a new ride to Pretoria, writes to say that if the incontestable independence of both Republics as sovereign international States be acknowledged, and if the rebels who have risen in the rear of the QUEEN'S troops get off scot free, "BOBS" and his victorious army shall be allowed to go away unmolested! OOM PAUL is much too good for this world.

*Business done.*—War Loan Bill voted.

*Thursday.*—"A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanack. Find out moonshine; find out moonshine." Thus Bottom.

RICHARDSON, obeying the behest, has come upon painful discovery. When GEORGE THE SECOND was king he ordered (see 24 George II., c. 23) that Easter Day should be the first Sunday after full moon which happened upon or next after the 21st of March. If—mark how nothing escaped GEORGE THE SECOND—the full moon happ'd upon a Sunday, Easter Day should be the Sunday after.

Very well. RICHARDSON, having looked in the almanack, finds that the first full moon happening next after the 21st day of March current timidly presents itself two minutes after one o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 15th of April. Argal, Easter Day should be the 22nd of April, not the 15th, as the calendar decrees.

Here's a pothor. What's to be done to avoid catastrophe? RICHARDSON comes up to-night, presents his puzzle at head of Attorney-General. Many men would

have shrunk appalled. Most Ministers would have suggested that "the question should be addressed to my right hon. friend the First Lord of the Treasury." Sturdy DICK WEBSTER looked the moon full in the face, and found she was a fraud. "The fact is," he said confidentially to the Speaker, "the full moon referred to in the statute is not the actual full moon, nor the mean moon, but a fictitious and statutory full moon, sometimes called the ecclesiastical full moon."

Uneasy feeling that this is libellous. But Attorney-General may be trusted to know what he's about. House fully reassured, happy in possession of an extra moon whose existence was hitherto unsuspected, turned with light heart to sublimary affairs. *Business done.*—Census Bill passed through Committee.

*Friday.*—Nearly twenty years since GRANT-DUFF left House of Commons and



The Fictitious or Statutory (sometimes called the Ecclesiastical) Full Moon.  
 (Sir R-ch-rd W-bet-r.)

Elgin forlorn to rule over Madras. Didn't often speak in House. The effect of his ordered speech—something like an icicle running down the spine—was conducive to renewed invitation. But when he mounted his pulpit in Elgin the western world humbly waited to be instructed. Elgin long been a closed borough to him. Happily has found another medium for his mission. Takes the form of publication of Notes from his Diary. First batch issued in 1897; each successive year blessed with fresh crop.

A dull night in House; been reading last two volumes just published by JOHN MURRAY. The *Diarist* a sort of Literary Dustman. As each day brings its collection of material to the door (back or front), an industrious and discriminating hand may be counted on to pick up something. In pursuit of material for his diary, GRANT-DUFF does not shrink that last purgatory of social life, the early breakfast where *literati* gather. The result is a string of scraps of conversation, with here and there a good story that lightens the prim pages of the work. In his way of enjoying himself GRANT-DUFF is the most methodical of men. On his many excursions he was ever prepared with a collection of quotations, directly pertaining to the scene. Being at Cairo he, of course, called to pay his respects to the Sphinx. "I repeated in its presence KINGLAKE'S sublime description." What the Sphinx said in reply is not recorded. But what a picture is here—GRANT-DUFF reciting KINGLAKE, the Sphinx listening with that far-away look that awes mankind.

Later, at Dresden, the *Diarist* met two ladies. "I introduced them," he notes, "amongst other things to the Sistine Madonna. In its presence I repeated to them the lines of SCHOPENHAUER. Later, I read aloud from the note book, which accompanied us in so many journeys, the passage from PATER'S *Conclusion*, which begins with the words 'Philosophiren says Novalis,' down to the words 'only for those moments' sake'; the paragraph from MORLEY'S *Robespierre* which details what, according to the writer's view, *Chaumette* should have said to the priest; and the scene of July 13, 1847, in the '*Récit d'une Sœur*.'" Nor was this all. "I further read from the same book a passage added in India, the description, namely, of what the Rhone does at Geneva, taken from RUSKIN'S *Præterita*."

If his audience had been a couple of men, they could have done something in self-defence. But two hapless women! A commercial traveller in literature, GRANT-DUFF always had his knapsack packed with samples, knew exactly where to lay his hand on the article suitable to the occasion and the customer. What he lacks, besides modesty, is a saving sense of humour.

*Business done.*—Army Estimates.



## LITTLE BINKS ON HIS NIGHT MARE!

(After reading about the Diving Horse at the Crystal Palace.)

## A SHADE SEVERE.

(A Soliloquy received by wireless telegraphy from St. Helena.)

Too bad! Much too bad! Have I come from the banks of the Seine to see this? My old home overrun by Dutchmen! The walks I knew so well traversed by a "Commandant" who never appeared in uniform, and relied upon the good shooting of women with rifles for victory! Surely my shade might have been spared the indignity!

But Albion was always perfidious! A nation of shop-keepers! And this reflection reminds me that I who speak have also left Paris—that city of retail merchants—to avoid the Exhibition. I have come to St. Helena to stand watching the setting sun, as I did of old!

But how different! Boers here, Boers there, Boers everywhere! They will be better treated than I was. It is not just. For the first time in my career I regret the absence of Sir HUDSON LOWE.

## ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"DOUBTFUL."—No, we have not read the article on "Self-Advertising," contributed to the *Universal Review* by MARIE CORRELL, and cannot, therefore, give an opinion on the point you submit. You may, however, take it that the lady is especially well qualified to discuss the topic of her paper.

## TO PHYLLIS WHO SMOKES.

["The Anti-Tobacconists will hold a congress at the Paris Exhibition. Among other questions they will consider whether the society of a woman who smokes is really as delightful as it frequently appears to be."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

PHYLLIS, you a magic chain

Weave about my heart so tight,  
That, despite its constant pain  
At your conduct light,  
Frivolous though your behaviour be,  
From your toils, alas! I can't get free.

But a hope I have in view

That your sway I need not fear now,  
Since of girls who smoke—like you—  
(So at least we hear now)  
They can prove, by force of logic rightful,  
That they are not really so delightful.

Then to Paris I will wend—

When the anti-smoking mission  
Meets in congress I'll attend  
At the Exhibition;  
So their doctrines when they there  
explain,

Haply I may find your influence wane.

Ah! how foolish to rebel

At a tyranny so sweet,  
And to strive to break your spell,  
Since, when we shall meet  
And I once again to you am near,  
I'll forget their arguments—I fear.

BADLY NEEDED BY THE BOERS.—A BULLER-proof shield.

## THE POST-MISTRESS OF VAN WYK'S VLEI.

["Miss WALTON, the Post-Mistress at Van Wyk's Vlei, on being threatened with instant death by the rebel Boers unless she gave up the keys of her office, placed them in the bosom of her dress, and told the man who pointed his rifle at her that he could only get them from her dead body. She succeeded eventually in escaping with the money and stamps, even the Boers applauding her dauntless courage."]

THIS is the song of a heroine,  
Mid the heroes of the War,  
The song of a maid, who was not afraid,  
But stood to her trust as a man should stay,

Who scorned the threats of the rebel raid,  
And looked down the rifle without dismay,  
British born! true to the core!

THIS is the song of a heroine  
With never a man to help,  
At Van Wyk's Vlei with no succour nigh  
She held her post, as a soldier would,  
For the right of her Cause not afraid to die,  
A lioness showing the lion's blood  
As becomes a lion's whelp!

THIS is the song of a heroine,  
Sing it the Empire round,  
Tell it afar this tale of war  
Wherever the flag that we love floats high,  
Be it on land or be it on sea,  
Toast her! Miss WALTON of Van Wyk's Vlei!

Echo her valour with three times three,  
For where could a braver heart be found?

## "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH is delighted, in fact, "pleased as Punch," to announce that the contributions to the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, which, but for this timely aid, would have had to turn out its little patients and close its doors, have reached £12,990 13s. 5d. Most probably ere this grateful acknowledgment appears, the sum will have



topped thirteen thousand. Why turn off the tap? the stream of benevolence flows freely. "Flow on thou shining river!" Bless the stream, don't dam it. *Encouragez les autres!* Address as before, Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., LD., 10, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

N.B. "Collecting Cards" still in stock. Send to above address. To be had for the asking.

## A VALEDICTION.

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow!" says the poet,  
So to be cheerful I will bravely try,  
It grieves me sore, although I may not show it,  
To say good-bye.

Friends we have been, and that for many seasons,  
Some have remarked how elderly thou art,  
I heed them not,—but there are other reasons  
Why we must part.

Time in its course relentless never ceases,  
'Tis always introducing something fresh,  
Thy tender countenance it fills with creases,  
I put on flesh.

And so of late, all hopes have been demolished  
Of keeping thee for evermore mine own,  
A comrade so old-fashioned and so polished  
I ne'er have known.

Nay, be not coy, these demonstrations grieve me;  
Thou holdest me in such a loving clasp,  
I welcome thy embraces, but, believe me,  
They make me gasp.

I say farewell, but I may meet thee later,  
When, in some restaurant of small repute,  
Thou settest off the figure of the waiter,  
My old dress suit!



Continued from page 198.)

At seven o'clock, the town was ablaze with the unexpected news: at nine, Mr. FAVERSHAM's valet brought it to his master with his chocolate. Mr. FAVERSHAM sprang out of bed, and hurried to WOGAN's lodging in a state of ill-concealed anticipation. On the doorstep he came face to face with Sir WILLIAM MOWBRAY.

"You are early," said FAVERSHAM, with a smile.

"The curtain is rising and the play will, I think, be diverting."

They went upstairs, where they found WOGAN in his bed, and woke him up. They plied him with questions as to his journey. WOGAN praised the Princess. Her endurance, her discretion, her courage, her gentle temper, her misplaced humility, her fresh voice, her open friendliness, made a full theme for WOGAN's eulogy.

"And pride?" asked FAVERSHAM. "You omit that quality. Has she pride? It is most important."

"Why?" asked WOGAN, and he sat up in his bed. "Is there news to tell?" He caught FAVERSHAM by the arm. "What news, man? Is it news of the King?"

FAVERSHAM gently disengaged his arm and smoothed the velvet of his sleeve.

"The King, Sir, has been most sad. Indeed, but for the CAPRARA——"

"The CAPRARA!" cried WOGAN, falling back upon his pillows. "She is in Bologna, then?" he asked, with a strange quiet.

"She came, indeed, the day you left."

"Most happily," added MOWBRAY, "for her company has in some measure consoled him."

WOGAN said nothing for awhile, but lay and stared at the ceiling. Then he asked:

"And why are you gentlemen at such trouble to bring me this news?"

"It might be well," answered MOWBRAY. "I do not hazard an opinion but you say the Princess CLEMENTINA has pride, and it might be well, perhaps, if you prepared her——"



"No," cried WOGAN, "she must not know. Think! After her sufferings, borne with what constancy, she is to discover that while she suffered—No! She must not know, and not for the King's sake, mark you, but for hers. She must make this marriage, for which she has ventured more than women dare to venture. Else she drowns in ridicule. So she must not know."

Mr. FAVERSHAM humm'd and ha'ed.

"It will be difficult," said MOWBRAY, "to keep the knowledge from her."

"Very difficult," agreed FAVERSHAM. "For, alas! there are always busy-bodies."

"Why, that's true," said WOGAN, staring at his visitors. He flung out of bed and opened the window. "There are flowers in the street below, gentlemen," he cried, "and here's a spring day of sunlight."

"To be sure," said FAVERSHAM, "but I do not understand—"

"That in some company," WOGAN took him up with a bow, "one feels the need of them."

WOGAN dressed with all haste as soon as he was disembarrassed of his visitors. He must see the King; he must get rid of the CAPRARA; he must make sure that the Princess CLEMENTINA should not know. He hurried to the King's lodging. But events had moved fast that morning. He was met in the ante-chamber by Mr. FAVERSHAM, who positively twinkled with excitement.

"You are too late," said FAVERSHAM, "the King has gone; a message from Spain—a most momentous message—so we are told. But between you and me, the King has fled. He heard of the Princess's coming at seven, and at nine he was gone. He has incontinently fled, leaving the two women to fight for him. So clever; so diplomatic!"

WOGAN went home to his lodging. That the Caprara affair could be kept secret he knew now to be altogether an impossibility. But he was none the less firmly convinced that the marriage must take place. His conviction increased as the days passed, and the rumour of the escape from Innsbruck spread. In a little time, Europe was ablaze with it; people thronged into Bologna to catch a glimpse of the Princess; her name and praises were even upon women's lips. What if the marriage did not take place? This, thought WOGAN, that she, who to-day was the wonder of Europe, would be to-morrow its laughing-stock, flouted at every tea-table as a romantic girl well and suitably punished. The King WOGAN pushed out of his heart and thoughts: he had run away. But if by any chance he were, as the phrase went, to come to his own, why then CLEMENTINA must be Queen; she was most fitted to be Queen. In a word, she should not be wasted.

Meanwhile, WOGAN saw nothing of the Princess. Perhaps he passed of an evening beneath her windows when the lamps were lit; but he held deliberately aloof. However, he had news of her from the busy-bodies. Moreover, they told him one morning, to his great relief, that the Caprara Palace was again empty.

"Where has she gone?" he asked the next moment. "Into Spain?"

"No, to Rome."

"Her Highness knows, do you think?"

Mr. FAVERSHAM shrugged his shoulders.

"She has a great gift of silence, though,"—he made the qualification archly—"she can talk, too, when she wills."

"Yes," said WOGAN. "She talks of the King, no doubt. From Innsbruck to Bologna she had words for no one else."

"That is curious. For now she has words for no one but Mr. WOGAN. Oh, believe me, she is most particular. I paid my reverence to her yesterday at the little house the Cardinal has hired for her. We walked in the garden. She kept me by her side that I might tell her of your escape from Newgate."

"But you did not," cried WOGAN, in alarm. "You did not tell her?"

"I told her half the story, only half."

"Ah, only half. And then you stopped?"

"Yes, for she interrupted me, and told me the second half. The chain, the prison wall, the game of hide-and-seek among the chimneys. She had it all at her slim finger-ends. I was constrained to say," he added, with a smirk, "that Mr. WOGAN rarely spoke so freely of himself."

"And she answered?" continued WOGAN, putting the impertinence aside.

"She answered thoughtfully that Mr. WOGAN spoke more about himself than she was aware of at the time. A curious answer—one that puzzles me."

WOGAN was not concerned to explain. He merely cursed himself for his folly in relating that episode. He had spoken on the spur of the moment; had he taken time for thought, he would have known that sooner or later the truth must come out.

WOGAN lay closer than ever in his lodging. He had neglected the Princess, when all the rest were paying their court to her. Here was one good consequence. Her pride would hinder her from summoning him to explain that story he had told her as he rode by the carriage window.

"Pride!" said he. "To be sure it is a most convenient quality in a woman," and turned the thought over in his mind, until he became aware that the quality had its drawbacks too.

For the King had fled; that would touch her pride, even if she knew nothing of the CAPRARA's devotion. There was that "great gift of silence"—an ominous phrase when used of the girl who had been frankness itself along the road from Innsbruck to Bologna. WOGAN became very uneasy. The Princess was just the woman to keep her own counsel to the last moment, and then act as a woman and not a politician.

It was this dread which weighed chiefly upon WOGAN when he received a letter from the Pretender. The letter announced that all arrangements for the marriage had been made, but that urgent business kept the Pretender in Spain, so that the marriage must take place by proxy. WOGAN was chosen to act as proxy.

WOGAN read the letter several times. The proposal was rank cowardice. It was also for personal reasons quite distasteful to him. He shrank from standing up at an altar before a priest and marrying this girl for another man. The Princess might refuse—he had a moment's thrill of hope that she would. Then he came back to his old thought. She must not, for her own sake. He must prevent that if he could, and it seemed that, perhaps, he had some power with her. The time for inaction was past.

WOGAN paid a visit to the Princess that morning.

She received him alone, standing in the centre of the room. There was a change in her, but it was the change which WOGAN had foreseen. She was guarding the girl in her within the mail of a woman's pride. Only the fatigue in her eyes surprised him, who slept well, whatever troubled his daylight. She made no comment upon his abstentions, nor did WOGAN excuse himself. He handed her the letter, through which she merely glanced as though she was already aware of its contents, and said slowly:

"A lion for bravery, a soldier for endurance, a boy for eagerness;" and, folding the letter, she gave it back to him as a sufficient comment upon the words. WOGAN was utterly disconcerted by the direct attack. He stepped back a pace and stood awkwardly silent.

"You dread plain speech," she continued, with a touch of scorn. "Why then, Mr. WOGAN, I'll play the courtier and speak in parables. You told me of a white stone on which I might safely set my foot, and since the night was dark I took your word, and stepped, and, Sir, your stone was straw."

"Your Highness, no," cried WOGAN.

"Straw," she repeated pitilessly, "as you well knew when you commended it to me as stone. Else why should you lend your exploits to the King? I think I understand. You thought, 'here is a lovesick girl who asks for deeds of which the King, it seems, has none to his credit. So out of my many I will toss her one and, please God, she'll be content with it.'"

WOGAN lifted his head and faced her.

"That was not my thought," he protested. "But we who have served him, know the King. We can say frankly to each other, 'The King's achievements—they are all to come.' But with your Highness it was different. Suppose I had said that amongst his throng of adventurers, each of whom has something to his name, he, the chief adventurer, has nothing—"

"You had spoken the truth," she interrupted.

"But the truth's unfair to him."

"And was the untruth fair to me?"

WOGAN had no answer to the question. He stood catching at the thought that she had not as yet definitely refused the marriage. He noticed that her pride began to melt. She spoke, hesitated and caught the words she was speaking, back. She blushed, and then very quickly she said:

"Mr. WOGAN, I shall be glad of your company this morning. I wish to visit the Caprara Palace."

The wish expressed a command. WOGAN walked with the Princess to the Palace in an extreme agitation. He could gather nothing of her purpose from her looks, and she did not speak upon the way. The household had removed from the Palace to Rome, and one old serving-man received them.

"I wish to see the pictures," she said, and the old man, leading them into the long gallery, left them there. CLEMENTINA stopped before the portrait of the Princess CAPRARA, the portrait of a woman, tall, handsome, of a warm complexion, and the black hair and eyes of the south. CLEMENTINA looked at it for a long while, while the blood came and went in her face.

"There is my answer to the letter," she said.

WOGAN collected his arguments and became rhetorical to a degree.

"Happiness," said he, "comes not for the seeking. You may build up your mansion for happiness to dwell in, and when you have built it up, you will find that you must draw down the blinds, for the tenant to inhabit it is dead."

"Your sentiments," said she, with the ghost of a smile, "are quite unimpeachable. You have, I think, a scarf of mine."

WOGAN flushed red and stopped his harangue.

"A scarf!" he stuttered.

"Yes," said she. "One that I dropped that night we walked under the stars to Alla. I turned to pick it up, but—"

"I will return it to you," said WOGAN, hastily. "I had forgotten that I picked it up," he added, indifferently.

"You were saying?" said CLEMENTINA, with another smile.

WOGAN renewed his arguments, but without the rhetoric. She could not throw her pride into the scale against all that was staked upon the marriage, the success of the Cause, and above all, her own future. What would she do? Return to her home? And hide, and so waste her incomparable qualities, which now belonged to a nation? Mr. WOGAN grew impassioned; but all the while it seemed to him that she was listening, not so much to what he said, as to the tone in which he said it, catching here at a note of fervour, there at an accent of sympathy.

"So it is for my sake," she suddenly interrupted him, "that you wish this marriage to take place?"

"Yes;" and since he had now a hint or two as to the reason which had prompted her to this visit to the Caprara Palace, he allowed himself to say, looking her fully in the eyes, "May I be frank with you? You and I sat opposite to each other for three days. I think I know you. I think, were you just free to choose like any woman of the people, and the man you chose spoke the word and hoisted some poor scrap of a sail in an open boat, you would adventure over the wide seas with him. But such things are not for you."

Again she took no notice of the argument, but only of the man who used it. Her face brightened, her eyes smiled.

"One cannot, as you say, ride opposite to another for three days without learning something of that other. But one may lose confidence—one may cease to be sure, and supposing that one feels lonely, one wants to be sure." With that she turned and left him. She had almost reached the door before WOGAN bethought him of the letter.

"And the marriage, your Highness?" he asked.

She stopped, hesitated for a moment, and answered.

"I will be frank with you. I wrote yesterday to the King in Spain, and—accepted you as the King's proxy. But you will return my scarf to me?" And she left WOGAN standing in the gallery.

The marriage by proxy, as all the world knows, took place a week later in the Cardinal's Palace. But one item of the proceedings has escaped the chroniclers. The Princess wore a scarf about her neck, for which the proxy pleaded as a memorial of the ceremony. But she lifted a hand and held the scarf close about her throat.

"No, Sir," she answered, and her voice trembled as she answered. "I keep it, and at times think to wear it in memory of a certain walk under the stars to Alla, and of a stone upon which I stepped—a stone which was not straw."

a. e. w. Mason